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A Musical Instrument.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf, indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry, empty thing,
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain —
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Reissiger.

Charles Theophilus Reissiger, Kapellmeister of the king of Saxony, died at Dresden, November 7th, 1859. He was born at Betzig, near Rittenberg, January 31, 1798, and being the son of a musician was early initiated into the principles of music. He was sent in 1818 to the University of Leipsic, where he devoted himself for some time to the study of theology, which in Germany is the basis of all literary and liberal education. Assisted by generous friends, Reissiger, who was poor, took up with ardor the study of composition under the direction of one Schicht, who was a benefactor to him, and in 1821 went to Vienna, where he composed his first opera, which was never performed. In 1822, Reissiger left Vienna to go to Munich, to receive the instructions of the celebrated composer, Winter, author of the opera so well known in Germany, "the

Interrupted Sacrifice." After having attained much success by the composition of an overture upon a theme of five notes given him by Winter, Reissiger left for Leipsic and Berlin, where the King of Prussia charmed by his talents, assisted him in making a journey to Italy. Reissiger came to Paris in 1824, and resided there during a year. He went to Italy, visited Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples, and then returned to Berlin at the close of 1825, where he was charged with preparing the plan of a Conservatory of Music, which was proposed in the capital of Prussia. In the month of October, 1826, Reissiger was appointed director of music to the King of Saxony, in the place of Marschner who had been called to Hanover, which post Reissiger occupied until his death, at the age of sixty-one.

Reissiger was a composer more prolific than original. He has written five or six operas that has met with success, such as the *Felsenmühle* (the Mill of the Rocks) and especially *Turandot*, very popular at Dresden, a great number of masses and motets, and much instrumental music. Facile as an imitator, especially of Weber and of many other masters, Reissiger produced incessantly, and gave to the engraver all that fell from his pen. He is the author of that pretty waltz known every where under the lying title *la dernière Pensée de Weber*. Reissiger himself has claimed in the public journals the paternity of this happy inspiration. "*La dernière Pensée de Weber*" says Reissiger in a letter to a M. Charles Bansi, was composed by me in 1822, and sent the same year to a music publisher at Leipsic, who had it engraved at the end of my trio, Op. 26. I have played it often in public at Leipsic, and always with great success. I have communicated it to Weber, who was charmed with it and often played it. The waltz was published at Paris by a speculator under a title which has made it popular."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS IN PARIS.

Among the interesting and profitable publications of the music trade of Paris in the year 1859, should be mentioned, especially the score of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* of Meyerbeer, published by Brandus, of which more than three thousand copies, (for voice with piano accompaniment) it is said have been sold. Gounod's *Faust*, edited by M. Choudens, is, after this new work of Meyerbeer, the best thing in the music trade of Paris. A success, and a durable success, not the result of a happy *mise en scène* only, is necessary in order that the publication of a dramatic composition can be a good speculation for a publisher, and nothing is rarer in our time than an opera that survives its first season.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Singing Soul.

A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

At the foot of one of the hills which bound the parish of Corneuil, there stood, a long time

ago, a little cottage, nearly hidden by the trees which surrounded it. In this cottage dwelt a poor widow, to whom Heaven, during a life the length of which she counted by sorrows, had granted one sole source of great joy. This was Martha, her daughter, a maiden so lovely that nothing more charming could be imagined. She was cheerful and lively, and all who beheld her, beautiful as God had made her, would have longed to take her in their arms, had they not feared at the same time to destroy the lovely vision by so doing. Those who met her, few enough they were, to be sure, retained her image in their hearts, like that of a saint from heaven.

But the simple, humble maiden had, beside the charm of her beauty, still another gift, which was known only to herself, her mother, and the solitude around their dwelling. This was a voice so clear, so sweet, and of such compass, that no second one like it could have been found in the whole world. In the evening, after having performed her homely household duties, the good child would take her needlework, seat herself by the little lamp, and sing such beautiful and holy strains that the angels in heaven could not but rejoice at them. At such times her mother would sit motionless for hours, dropping her work, and listening to the melodies which swelled forth in endless intertwining, and surpassed each other wondrously.

"Sing, my child," the old woman would say, "as long as thou dost sing thou wilt be virtuous and therefore happy."

Alas, poor woman, she was mistaken!

Martha reached her seventeenth year, but she was too poor to marry. True, the youths of the neighboring village admired her beauty, but they would not venture to choose for the companion of their life of labor so tender a blossom, which the first storm would have withered.

One day her mother had gone from home. Martha had placed her wooden stool in the shadow of the trees before the cottage, and sat down there to spin. The air was soft and balmy, as it mostly is in May, and while the girl gladly breathed the fragrance of the flowers, she sang her sweetest lays. With every verse the power of her voice increased, and its compass seemed incredible.

But how great was her surprise, when she suddenly saw herself surrounded by glittering knights who, attracted by the lovely sounds, were now devouring the poor girl with their gaze. Martha's surprise soon changed to alarm, as she recognized among the listeners the Count of Corneuil, her own master, who was known as one of the most terrible and hardhearted knights in the country.

Awed by him, his companions preserved a timid silence, but he cast upon the poor songstress a glance which made her tremble. She sang no more on that day. In the evening, when her mother returned, she inquired why she was silent.

"Dear mother," said she, with a tender embrace, "I am afraid!"

She would not, however, tell her mother the cause of her fear, in order not to alarm her, but it would have been better if she had done so, for the next morning, at the same hour, two liveried servants came to summon her to the castle.

"My gracious lord," she cried with tears, as she saw the Count approaching her, "save me, protect me!"

"Thou art in a safe place here, my charming nightingale, and I willingly take thee under my protection." In saying this, he beckoned to the servants, and they liberated the maiden; but when she looked around, the drawbridge was raised.

"Be kind, gracious Sir, send me back to my mother!"

"Willingly, my gentle dove, but on one condition."

"No, no!" cried she, for she guessed his meaning.

She remained a prisoner. She was confined in a turret chamber, like a bird in its cage. At night the Count approached the door of her cell, full of evil desires. He thought to triumph over the weak girl who had no defence beside her prayers; but suddenly he remained rooted to the spot, and listened immovably to the entrancing strains in which his victim sent up her supplications to the Madonna. At last, as if the pious tones had laid the evil spirit which possessed him, he crept away, without having the courage to approach her. When Martha had finished her prayer, she opened the window, and saw, by the bright moonlight, an old woman standing on the edge of the moat which surrounded the castle, and stretching out her arms towards her.

"Mother!" she cried, and her heart was full of sorrow.

And so it was the next day, and every day for several months. As often as the wicked knight would have approached the maiden, her pure and touching song drove away the evil desire of his heart. But one evening the old woman was missing from the site of the moat, and from that time grief consumed the heart of the good Martha. She faded visibly; the weaker her body grew, the more entrancing grew her song, and when her outward form had dwindled to a mere shadow, her voice had reached the highest perfection.

Meanwhile, her master, too, had grown better and purer under the influence of her singing; his love for the beautiful maiden had turned into reverence for her angelic voice, and he no longer denied her anything but complete liberty, because he could not live without her song.

One morning she was so weak that the Count did not venture to refuse her request that she might carry a garland to her mother's grave. She went, and after visiting the grave she entered the church, where service was being held. She mingled with the peasants, and joined in their hymns.

But by a strange miracle her voice had such a mighty effect upon the assembled people, that all were silent, and suffered the pious maiden to sing on alone. The last sound left her lips just as the priest elevated the host. Praying she sunk upon her knees, and when those around her tried to lift her up, she was dead.

But her soul has not yet deserted that region, for often, at midnight, glorious strains are heard in the church at Corneuil, and those who hear

them, say: "That is the soul of Martha, the singer of the turret-chamber." M. A. R.

Early Development of Musical Genius.

Music, in its highest degree of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "unprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articulated to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the opera house, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night: for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The latter, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of those proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle; from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody play on the harpsichord; and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavor to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clavichord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject, Mr. Hogarth, in his popular History of Music, has the following sensible observation:—A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn a something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from greater pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing it on every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's great contemporary John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clavichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardor of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labor, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of four till seven, are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr. Barrington, his favorite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," the score of which contained seven hundred and fifty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers it was never

represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, Offertorium, &c., the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems so beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storace, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shown to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom anything wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to Don Giovanni was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follows:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand: his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete in all parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed this to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to Don Giovanni existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions, appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning when he

washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend gives, the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavor to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him: he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which, in the ardor of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honor to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn also was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was engaged, in composing the Creation," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.—*Chambers' Journal*.

The Definition and Description of the Organ.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS MECHANISM.

The Organ is a wind instrument, with a key-board, the sounds of which are fixed, but capable of being sustained at the will of the player, especially consecrated to the service of the Church.

This definition makes the organ liable to all that may be expected of it by the laws both of art and religion.

On first looking at its case exteriorly, we are struck more especially with three things; with the immense size of its pipes in front, which we take to be the most powerful in the instrument, though they are, on the contrary, the least so; with the key-boards, which, though we should hardly have thought it perhaps, were we to put down the keys, would at once give utterance to those great pipes; and with a quantity of knobs or handles, which stand out from the case of the organ on two sides of the key-board, and carrying, each of them, the name of some instrument, such as the flute, the viol da gamba, the trumpet, and the like. But nothing of all this acts or speaks alone, for in order to this various parts of the organ must be joined together, and all these various parts do not at once meet the eye.

The organ has no voice, but by means of the wind inhaled by the bellows, and these are placed as near the main body of the instrument as possible, in order that they may send the wind the more directly into the pipes which rest upon it. Herein we may compare the instrument to a man, who would not be able to make himself understood without inhaling the air, which, after it has been equally distributed throughout his lungs, is driven out by them again through the vocal passages. The bellows, with its feeders, is as much the chest to the organ as the lungs are to the human frame. Put in motion by the blower, they fill themselves one after the other, and are emptied into a common channel placed near their extremity, and this is called the main wind trunk.

From this main channel other wind trunks branch off, as branches from the same common root, and carry the source of its sound into all parts of the instrument, as the branches of the tree carry the sap, or rather, as we have taken the human frame for our analogy, these smaller wind trunks are as the arteries, which, by means of the heaven-sprung system of the circulation, carry on the blood, which is pumped forth by the heart, throughout the whole of the body. The wind thus conveyed by one or many channels, gathers itself together and is compressed in a sort of chest or large hollow table, on which the pipes of the organ are placed, and is called the *sound-board*. The interior of the sound-board is but little less complicated than the vocal organ of the human body. It is from them that the compressed air has to escape by the pallets, and so to be transformed into distinct and varied sounds in the hundreds of pipes, which bristle on the surface of the sound-board. This wind box, this transformer of the compressed air into sound, is, as it were, the centre of all the mechanical parts of the instrument, which are necessary for the production of sound; the place where they all meet together, and to which they all tend, and hence, perhaps, its name of sound-board. Here it is that we find out if the bellows are weak or strong, if the hand of the organist touches the keys with or without effect, if the pallets on being opened cause an harmonious sound, or merely a disagreeable cyphering, and thus the sound-board becomes the centre of all that is good or bad in the organ; it is, to continue our analogy taken from the human frame, as the heart, to which all the system of the circulation of the blood flows as to a centre; and as the throat, from whence proceeds the word, expressive of the inward soul.

But how is this mechanical contrivance, this magic air-transformer, to be itself made to act, for though we should fill all the sound-boards imaginable with wind, this alone would not be sufficient to create a sound, still less an harmonious sound. The instrument just turned out from the hands of the builder, and supplied with wind by the action of the bellows, is still only a dumb instrument. The mysterious power of giving speech to the organ is to be found in the organist, who after a preliminary operation, of which we will speak presently, places his hands upon the clavier or key-board, the true key to his mysterious power, as its Latin root *clavis* indicates, and it is then only that the instrument ceases to be dumb, and sings in accents of joy or sadness according to the genius of the man, of whom it may be said to be both slave and master.

Three things then concur for making the organ speak; a bellows, which may be called the starting point; the pipes, which are placed upon the sound-board, and may be called the end; and thirdly, the hands of the organist, which may be called the means, for it is to them that all the mechanism of the organ from the clavier to the sound-board is subject, and it is by their means that the passages for the air, which supplies the pipes, are opened or shut as the organist pleases.

[Note of Translator.—This refers to the more common way of making organ bellows in France, which is more old-fashioned than the English way.]

Since the most interesting details of all this mechanism meet in the sound-board, as in a centre, we will briefly analyze its form and action. In doing this, we do not intend to give a formal list of its many component parts, but simply to give such a general account of them as may be sufficient for our present purpose. In building, especially, we want to see a great deal, to know but little.

The sound-board then, as we have already said, may be described as a long, square-cornered chest, six or eight inches in depth, the upper-board of which is pierced with as many holes as there are pipes to be placed in order, as an harmonious forest of trees, upon its surface. All the pipes which emit the same quality of tone are planted together in a straight line in the same row, and each row of pipes of the same quality of tone is called a stop. The hole in the foot of each pipe is in communication with the interior of the sound-board, but is separated from the wind by two obstacles, viz., a register and a pallet.

The register is a rule of wood, placed within the sound-board, exactly under the feet of the pipes, and sliding horizontally backwards and forwards, in a groove, as completely air-tight as it is smooth and even. This rule, so-called because it rules or directs the action of the wind, is itself pierced with holes exactly corresponding with those in the upper-board of the sound-board for the feet of the pipes, in such way that, as the rule is moved, the holes in the feet of the pipes and those of the rules are perpendicular or set the one to the other. When they are perpendicular to one another, the ruler, far from being an obstacle to the entrance of the wind into the pipes, is, on the contrary, its conductor, for then the foot of the pipes, by which the wind enters, is in immediate communication with the interior of the sound-board.

We will suppose, then, that the organist wishes to make that quality of sound or that stop which represents the trumpet heard throughout the extent of the key-board. Before putting his hands on the key-board, he places it on one of those knobs, which stand out from the case of the organ, which serve as places for inscribing the names of the registers, and, in this instance, he places it on that one of them which is labelled trumpet, and draws it out. No sooner has he done so than the wind before shut up within the sound-board, so far as this obstacle is concerned, is at once enabled to be in direct communication with the pipes of the quality of tone required, and the preliminary operation is thus far completed. The organist repeats this action for all the registers of which he intends to compose his orchestra. Thus, if he wishes it to be composed of a bourdon and flute, as well as the trumpet, he draws the knobs which answers to those registers, he pushes in one of the three, and so of the rest.

But the second obstacle has still to be removed; the pallet must be made to open. The pallet may be described as a little door on a spring, occupying a lower region in the sound-board, a region which may be very properly called that of storms, inasmuch as a certain amount of force is required to overcome the resistance of the wind which rushes headlong from the action of the bellows into the space opened by the gaping of the pallet, and called a groove. The pallet is connected with the key by means of a tracker, which is sometimes of very considerable length, but however far removed the pallet may be from the key-board by the tracker, it is affected by the slightest action on the key, and that with greater rapidity according to the greater perfection of the mechanism.

There are as many pallets as grooves, as many pallets and grooves as keys, and often more pallets and grooves than keys for the bass notes, which being composed of larger pipes, require more wind, and consequently more openings by which to inhale it.

The bellows then being filled, and the registers drawn, as many notes will speak on the sound-board as there are keys put down by the fingers of the organist, for the wind must then of necessity pass from the sound-board to the pipes of which the registers and pallets are open, and is thus transformed, or becomes sonorous in accordance with a law of acoustics, which we shall have to consider later on. . . . Hence, before touching the key-board, the organist must always draw the registers, for if he did not do so, the keys would no doubt open a passage for the wind, but this wind would only strike against the roof formed by that part of the sound-board which is full of registers, without being able to transform itself into vibrating columns of air in the bodies of the pipes.

But in an instrument so vast as an organ, there is but one sound-board and but one key-board. The organ has but one soul, it is true, but this one soul animates several bodies. There are, in consequence, as many keyboards as there are principal separate

parts in an organ, but experience and the requirements of art have for the most part limited them to three or four at most.

Often an organ limited in extent from want of means or space, has but one principal part, but one body; when this is not the case, and it has more than one such part, that part which is the most largely developed and speaks the loudest, is called the *great-organ*. Immediately below this, as regards its power and volume of sound, is placed the *choir-organ*; while the *swell-organ* takes up an intermediate position between these two principal parts, and is destined to give effect to those phrases of music which require a more delicate and special handling, and for which the choir-organ supplies the proper accompaniment. Last of all comes the *echo-organ*,* emitting veiled and smothered sounds, as its name implies, though it must be confessed it does so more in name than reality.

These different parts of the organ may be all enclosed within the case, including the choir-organ, though this is very commonly placed in a case apart by itself, and brought in front of the great organ, so as, in appearance, to form an organ in miniature. It was so placed, almost without exception, in the older organs. All the keyboards, not excepting that of the choir, are placed in steps one above another, the first and lowest that of the choir, next above this that of the great organ, above this again that of the swell, and at the top of all that of the echo-organ.

We have said nothing as yet of a key-board which is placed on the floor at the feet of the organist, and forms quite a peculiar feature in his art. This is the pedal-organ, the keys of which are long and short like those of the manual, and have under their control a special sound-board of their own, which carries the pipes which emit the gravest sounds of the instrument. Without the pedal the concert of the organ is incomplete; with it the organist is possessed of a powerful foundation bass, but such that he may even raise it to the dignity of a solo instrument, by causing it to take a special and independent part of its own, a part, however, which should be always more or less grave and dignified in its character, enriched with passages of energy and rapidity according to the skill of the organist.

Seated then in front of these different key-boards, between the organ and the altar, the organist may be compared to the helmsman placed between the rudder and the masts of the ship, attentive alike to the signals of the captain and the motions of the waves. In his case it is the mighty flood of the peoples' song that the organist sustains with the majesty of his chords, while his signals come to him from the sanctuary, the ceremonies of which he follows, and by means of a mirror placed obliquely, he may even turn his back on the altar, and as in the ancient organs, see all that is done there as it were before his face, and join his intention with that of the priest who offers the divine mysteries.—*London Musical World*, June 30.

*Note of Translator.—This last is not found in English organs as at present constructed. In its place is found now either a *solo*, or what Mr. Hill has called a *combination-organ* in the Birmingham Town Hall Organ.

The Rain Concert.

Millions of tiny drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the house-tops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tune upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble
They play upon the stream,
And the melody enchants us
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding
When they're dropping into caves;
With a tenor from the zephyrs,
And an alto from the waves.

O, 'tis a stream of music,
And Robin "don't intrude,"
If, when the rain is weary,
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling
Of the birds in all the bowers,
Had been gathered into rain drops
And was coming down in showers.

The Grand Opera at Paris.

WHO PAYS FOR IT?

The Grand Opera, since its foundation by Louis XIV., has constantly been—except during the reign of Louis Philippe and the ephemeral Republic of February—a strictly governmental establishment, founded and sustained to advance national musical genius, and, perhaps it should be added, to attract and retain strangers in Paris. Louis XVIII. is reported to have said to one of his courtiers who remonstrated with him on the enormous amount of money annually expended on the Opera, "Do you think that the receipts of the Opera are taken in at the door? No, they are received at the frontier." The royal remark was just, for it is these intellectual appeals which allure the roving traveller, who, after "doing" a score or so of cathedrals and museums, is but too glad of a decent excuse for retiring from sight-seeing and closing his "Murray" forever. But accustomed to our paltry appropriation bills, it is rather difficult to suppress a stare, when we learn that this decoy duck requires annually sums varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars above the receipts at the door. Even after we are told that there is an orchestra of eighty performers, some seventy chorists, eighty dancers, seventy machinists, and we know not how many supernumeraries, all living on the opera-house treasury, it is hard to avoid resorting to the use of the pedagogue's safety-valve, and relieving our astonishment with a deep-fetched "Prodigious!" The keeping of a white elephant is a trifle by the side of the alimony of this syren.

All this, however, is the business of the tax-payers on the other side of the ocean, and is of no more concern to us than the tortures of the man who rests hours, salamander like, in a red-hot oven, or of the beast tamer mangled by his pet lion or darling tiger. We may have our private opinion on the matter, but so long as the eleemosynary hat is not obtruded into our face,—play, opera! roast, mountebank! bleed, tamer!

THE CLAUQUEUR.

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms) stand very well with their bankers, and have their stockbroker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunkmaker in the upper gallery,'" "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lusty commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph 'we' had yesterday!" And they look down with inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazetteer or Scotch freebooter ever levied heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their beggins-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding scale with the new comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-banks and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis, and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success.

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has sustained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each command-

ed by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. In deed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

We shall not describe the performance of an opera or a ballet; our object is to initiate the reader into the mysteries of the Grand Opera—to carry him behind the scenes, into the green room, up to the loft, down to the cellar, and to exhibit the physiology of fabric and inhabitants.

Knock at this door, leading from the opera-house to the stage, and show this bit of paper, your "open sesame" to the stage, else you could not pass that threshold; for siffen as are the porter's manners, official claws are concealed beneath such softness, which is indeed the oft-vaunted "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," and unless one has an especial "laissez-passer" or is enrolled on the book he holds in his hands, and which contains the list of the favored mortals entitled to ingress, egress, and regress from, in and to, the stage of the Grand Opera, he had better go his way—"there's no use knocking at that door."

Were you ever behind the curtain? Then don't go, if you have never been. Don't earwig actors and newspaper editors for an initiation into those mysteries of canvass and paint, spangles and paste, rouge and pomatum, if you would retain one jot or iota of romantic delusion, the least vestige of youth, secure from the attrition of those terrible bronze effacers, the "bills payable," "protests," "due-bills" and "account-current" of life, which seize us at the threshold of existence. Shun the "slips" as you avert your eyes from the skeleton of the beauty, last night danced with, and loved to-day, as you would shun the shambles where beeves enter on the first stages of the process which gives us noble sirloins, as you would shun the compost heap which paints on the tulip its most gorgeous colors.

THE STAGE.

The stage of the Grand Opera is not unlike some vast ship leaving port, whose "confusion worse confounded" has not been reduced to order. Ropes, blocks, hatches, broken canvass, unwieldy scenes, keel-long grooves, balance-weights, lamp-racks, curtains, clouds, gothic cathedrals, public squares, groves of trees, broad oceans, bed-chambers, light houses, palaces, cloisters, cemeteries lie or stand jumbled up together in "most admired disorder," which is heightened by screams, orders, counter-orders, "ayes-ayes," from upper, nether and surrounding voices. Here men sweep (what a cloud of dust they manage to raise!) and water the stage floor; scene inspectors cry and push to keep the stage clear, and hellow their eternal "take-care," to warn actors and the curious of impending dangers; singers and songstresses in costume, trill and quaver, to be ready for the "call;" dancing girls are bounding about in every direction, practising their steps; firemen, with sponges, or wet blankets, or buckets of water, are standing everywhere, to wage war on fire, if that terrible mar-all should show its least sinister glance; and machinists are running, like sailors, up and down the ropes. There's a fellow making thunder by beating a suspended bass-drum, and there's another burning licopode powder, to imitate lightning, while, hard by, a party is tossing rapidly large plates of sheet iron on each other, to represent the striking of the bolt, and their neighbors are whirling watchmen's rattles, with wonderful energy, to persuade the audience that a terrible "fusillade" is going on in the streets.

THE SINGING GREEN-ROOM.

It is not so much the stage as the "green-rooms" of the Grand Opera which the astute pleasure-seeker tries to attain. There are two green-rooms, the singing and the dancing, both popular, but the dancing green-room is incredibly so, "why," we shall, perhaps, enable the reader to understand. Very thin partitions divide the feminine corps of singers and dancers, but they are separated from each other by a different physiology, a different constitution, we had almost said, a different conformation. This difference is visible even in their respective green-rooms. The singing green-room, which occupies the old "salon" of the Hotel Choiseul, is decorated with the universal white and gold, the alpha and omega of French architects, and is of aristocratic spaciousness. A piano stands in the centre, surrounded on every side by benches. It is used as the audience-chamber, where actors and chorists give touches of their quality when they seek an engagement.

THE REHEARSALS FOR OPERA.

There it is the actors and choruses study the scores of new operas. At the first rehearsals the composer himself presides at the piano and points out the time of the part-pieces to the singing-masters and artists. And here the leading actors study separately with the composer the airs, duets, trios, they have to sing. When one act has been mastered, the quatuor rehearsals commence under the supervision of the leader of the orchestra, where all of the stringed instruments successively execute the score. And as soon as the whole work,—words and score,—is known by the chorus and actors, the general rehearsals of the orchestra begin. All the singers rehearse sitting. During these three or four rehearsals (they rarely exceed this number) the mistakes of the copyists are corrected, and the whole of this arduous, severe, and long labor (six months at least are required to perfect the studies of a grand opera,) is ended by new quatuor rehearsals (with a piano to accompany the recitative) with the scenery, and at last by rehearsals with full orchestra, lights, scenery, and costume. The singing green-room is a place of study. It is consequently calm and tranquil. The songstresses are obliged to pay a constant attention. They are never seen extravagantly dressed, nor full of noisy coquetry. Most of them go to the theatre in over-shoes and with umbrellas under their arms, and are proverbial for their punctuality and zeal. Some of them are married and live modestly; some of them are excellent musicians, and eke out their scanty pay by giving music-lessons; and those who "love" do love, and do not make their heart a pretext for amassing money by illicit means.

William W. Story and his Cleopatra.

The last number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in an article entitled "American Imaginings," gives us so generous and glowing a tribute to the genius of our countryman, WILLIAM W. STORY, that we are tempted to copy it for the gratification of his many friends who know him, and for the benefit of the many who do not. In mentioning Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, the writer in question says:

He has a chapter in his first volume entitled *Cleopatra*; in his preface he has righteously restored what there he styles, in simple prefatory prose, this "magnificent statue," to its real, living, flesh, and blood designer, William W. Story. The fitness of the epithet is such that we who are ready to vouch for that fitness, doubt not, for our part, that Mr. Hawthorne weighed before he penned, the very word "magnificent." We who know the statue and the designer well, know, not only that the "obiter dictum" of Mr. Hawthorne's preface may be allowed, but that Mr. Story's *Cleopatra*, in her actual marble, may bravely stand the test between herself and her counterpart in the romance. We cite her, not to confirm or controvert, in this place, our writer's æsthetic appreciation, but rather as an excuse for entering her model's studio, thence to illustrate and enlarge our remarks upon the strange promise which the training of American realism is making to the ideal, in plastic no less than in poetic and other fictive art. Rebel at home against American monotony, the American artist will not, even in Rome, wear the shackles of conventionalism. See there, among his earlier efforts, a wolf, which is not the savage nurse of Romulus, but the familiar terror of our nursery days, eyeing Red Ridinghood herself—hungry scarcely glazed over with deceit of flattery. Then there is *Hero*, still in girlish form, lifting a torch, which shows an agony in the sweet eyes of the watcher, whose dusky naked feet are set upon the sand of that cruel Hellespont. Draped severely in the close bodice and skirt of a German maiden, lifelike in the play of her delicate fingers, plucking the divining-flower of lovers, ghost-like in the pensive droop of her eyelids and the slim outline of her shadowy form, Faust's injured *Marguerite* stands innocent as yet. Heavy fall the maid strikes on chisels, searching out the tawny terrors of the Egyptian's panther-beauty from the marble block;—that is the *Cleopatra*, whom our author has shown to von. Now push open the little swinging door that guards the inner studio. You shall almost start and draw back your foot before the towering height and passionate energy of her who lifts one hand to heaven for help, and in the other grasps a scimitar. She is no Greek; you see it by one glance at the bold arch under which quiver nostrils breathing vengeance. Clytemnestra prayed not so when *Ægistheus* was to strike. She is no Roman either. *Lucretia* looked not up, but down along the sword, shame blinding with savage indignation before she buried it hilt-deep in the breast a Tarquin's touch had soiled. The widow of *Mannasch* knows not Clytemnestra's willing nor *Lucretia*'s forced ignominy. Hebrew *Judith* looks up and prays before her woman's arm deals the dread execution-blow upon the tyrant, drunk with wine, and lust, and blood. Now this William Story, to whom a few short years in Italy have furnished time to master so much of that hard craft which teaches artist-fingers to give substance to the visions of an artist brain; this William Story, "whom," his countrymen is not too bold to say, "his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate"—he is not only a graceful poet and literary critic—such accomplishments are helps, not hindrances, to development of an artistic power—but he is, in all sober seriousness, a New England barrister! An only son, he inherits from his father more than a mere name illustrious in the annals of jurisprudence. If his early successful career at the bar be no fallacious token, the fascination of the artist power and life has robbed the American bench of a second Justice Story. He fills up still a portion of his laborious life with editing the judgments and decisions of his honored father's admirable legal science. His is, beyond a doubt, a mind and temper in that revolt of which the critic speaks; but mark the significant circumstance. True to an English origin, true to the United States: man's political tradition, the disloyalty of such a rebel is loyal, after all—loyal in the word's truest sense—never lawless, even in full rebellion. Is

not this symptomatic? May not this be the complex characteristic of a whole order of imaginative, ideal, poetical, artistic minds, wherewith it may be designed that America shall yet enrich most bountifully the life-blood of the nations? Unless a man have a very narrow, bigoted nationalism in his soul—a prejudice, not a patriotism—must he not wish it may be so? The least attractive of American peculiarities are often justly said to be exaggerations of our own; and, beholding them, we may righteously take no little of their shame to our own selves. Shall we not, then, righteously count it as an honor and a joy to us, if, out of what are some of our own intellectual and mental deficiencies, we shall see spring up, in spite of, nay, almost in virtue of, repression and discouragement, bolder, grander, fuller, more varied, developments of æsthetic taste and power?

Reception to William Vincent Wallace.

A very agreeable ovation was tendered to this estimable gentleman and composer, at the music rooms of Wm. Hall & Son, Broadway, on the evening of July 11th. A pleasant gathering of artists, critics, and connoisseurs were present to welcome Mr. Wallace. Selections of choruses from "Lurline" were sung by members of Mendelssohn Union and others with excellent effect. Mrs. Cooper, Miss Hawley, Messrs. Geary and Werneke sang the incidental solos connected therewith in a most creditable manner. Mrs. Mozart gave the Troubadour song, which was encored. Mrs. Brinkerhoff sang the "Spell" from "Lurline," and "Scenes that are Brightest," from "Maritana." Mad. Bouchelle sang Wallace's "Cradle Song." Mr. Millard was warmly applauded in a tenor song, likewise Mr. Simpson. Mr. Massett sang one of his own composition, "You'll remember Me." The accompanist, Messrs. Bergé and Schmidt, lent their effective aid. There was but one feeling in regard to the music of "Lurline"—it was pronounced to be Mr. Wallace's most popular opera. A handsome collation was provided to which the guests did ample justice. Capt. Vine Hall, of the Great Eastern, who had been present, was called for, but had left the company a short time previous. Mr. James Hall responded for him, and made some interesting remarks in regard to Mr. Wallace's career in this country since his first visit, which was some twenty years ago, when music was less appreciated than at present. Want of space prevents our giving Mr. Hall's sentiments at length, but we cannot forbear placing before our readers this pretty toast to "Lurline"—

There is one who appears to have been forgotten on this occasion; yet her praises are on every tongue. It is a lady, whose syren voice has, during the last few months, charmed many thousands, from the Prince to the peasant, and whose song is echoed from the throats of many a fair warbler over the whole world of music.

Meyerbeer kept his "Prophet" caged for years, yet Wallace, whose gallantry has been the theme of many a song, with cruelty more refined, kept "Lurline," a water nymph of surpassing beauty, whose soul was song, chained in darkness for ten long years. Even now his unrelenting hand holds in bondage the fair maid of Zurich and the chaste and lovely—the parson's daughter falsely accused as the Amberswitch.

Let us hope that justice may be speedily done this fair daughter of his genius—Lurline.

Mr. Wallace, with considerable emotion, thanked those present and absent for the many kind expressions of regard he had ever received in this country; and which he expected to leave again in a few days, to be absent for some time; his passage being already taken in the *Persia* for Europe—his wife and family remaining with us. Mr. Wallace has our best wishes for his health and success.—N. Y. Musical World.

Musical Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1860.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq. — To you in Boston, that "best of all places to emigrate from," as Daniel Webster said of New Hampshire, and yet the place of all others dear to the exiled Bostonian's heart, to you, I say, in the name of the former Athenians now in our far western city, I declare that "we still live." That fact may not possess any great amount of value to you, but to us, it is one of great interest. Now we are always delighted to hear any news from Boston and know that some Bostonians are glad to hear from us, which leads us to like to inflict long letters on them at times. I some time since wrote you about some sport which we had occasionally, but wrote but little about music, in a serious strain. That you may know upon what and whom we have to rely, permit me to give you a list of some of our prominent musicians. And first comes to my mind, our old friend Trenckle, who is esteemed by all, and holds already a very high rank as a musician. It

would be hard to say that he is the best musician amongst us, but none stands higher. His very genial gentlemanly manner has made him many warm friends. It is needless to speak to Bostonians of his excellencies, for who know him better?

Before the arrival of Trenkle, Herold was regarded as the best musician here. Most certainly he is a thorough master of his art, and as a conductor ranks at the head. He is at present conducting a German society called the "Cecilia Club," which is now rehearsing "Elijah." His excellencies are many.

Mr. Geo. F. Pettinos is considered to possess the finest pianoforte touch of any of our musicians. He is also a thorough musician and having been here for a number of years, has hosts of friends, by whom he is highly esteemed. He is originally from Philadelphia.

Mr. Charles Stadtfeldt is quite a young man, but has shown much talent. He has charge of a flourishing German Glee Club called the "Eintracht," which is formed after the style of the "Orpheus," and his drilling of them shows the musician. I have heard them sing many things in a manner that the "Orpheus" could not excel, which I esteem high praise. Among their number were many fine voices among which may be particularly mentioned that of Jacob Stadtfeldt, a brother to the above, who possesses one of the richest and most powerful baritone voices, to which it was ever my lot to listen, either on or off the stage, having a compass of nearly three octaves, and pure and sweet throughout the entire range. Were he to pay the attention to its cultivation that many would do, he might make a stir in the world.

Of Mr. Gustave A. Scott, I have spoken in a previous letter. As an accompanist he is very superior, and as a florid executant, he cannot be surpassed.

Young Rasché, who plays the organ at Trinity Church, where Mad. Biscaccianti sings, is considered to possess talent of a high order. This he certainly has, if we may judge from a "Te Deum" of his composition, which was sung at Trinity Church on Easter Sunday. Being very modest, he does not thrust himself forward, but true merit will make itself known.

Mr. Geo. F. Evans is the organist at Dr. Scott's, where is the finest organ in the city. He is a very talented fellow, and has most perfect control of his instrument. His style does not suit all, as he loves to make the organ show all of which it is capable, but of his talent there can be no question. As a pianist he is said to be equally fine, though of that I can say nothing, never having heard him in that capacity.

The lack of a good vocal teacher is much regretted here. Would a really excellent teacher come out, there is but little doubt that he or she would find abundance of employment. I wish we might notice the arrival of a good exponent of Bassini's system, which in my mind, is the finest ever yet brought before the public. These are but few, however, besides Bassini himself, that appreciate the system sufficiently to teach it properly. One young lady there is, in Boston, who, at the time I left, was succeeding finely with it. If she proves as fine a teacher as her friends believed her to be, California would offer a fine field for her to work in.

The Lucy Escott troupe are now here, comprising that enterprising lady herself, Misses Rosalie and Georgia Hodson, Messrs. Squires, De Haga, Leach, &c. They have rendered "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Ernani," and "Traviata" in Italian; "Maritana," "Marriage of Figaro," "Enchantress," and "Rose of Castile" in English. They have not yet given us anything in German, though from the versatility already displayed we might almost expect it. Mrs. Escott and Squires have taken the city by storm by their excellent singing, and the lady has shown powers as an actress which have astonished

many who remembered her at home. De Haga has disappointed the majority. He sings terribly out of tune and his voice is much choked up. Leach has done finely, being very reliable and though most of the daily papers seem inclined to deprive him of his laurels, the audiences have appreciated him. He is an artist, and is always up to the mark.

We have also had Chinese opera, which certainly succeeded in creating a sensation. The music proved of such a satisfying kind, that one hearing was generally sufficient. A little went a great ways.

But enough for the present. We hope that it will not be many years before we may be able to produce as much music of the right kind, here, as in Boston. May that day soon come.

Since writing the above I have been informed that Mad. Biscaccianti joins the Opera troupe to-day. This will be an acquisition indeed. PHOENIX.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1860.

The Sixty-seventh Annual Festival of the Boston Public Schools.

We wish that we could daguerreotype for our readers, the beautiful scene presented in the Music Hall, on Tuesday last, at the Festival of our Boston Public Schools. Three years ago the City Government abandoned the old fashioned plan of dining the medal scholars in Faneuil Hall, and wisely substituted the musical ceremonies that have constituted the Festival of the children since that time.

The arrangements and decorations of the hall this year were generally the same as they were described by us in our account of the last year's festival. An immense stage had been raised from the permanent platform of the Music Hall, rising in a hexagonal form to the top of the doors of the upper balcony, and opening back to the organ screen where the statue of BEETHOVEN appeared to view, crowned and wreathed with bright flowers, and seeming to smile benignantly upon the scene. This stage was filled from top to bottom, from front to rear, by the children of the schools who were to take part in the singing, a perfect array of little singers, twelve hundred strong, bright, happy, smiling and well dressed, the girls all in white, and the darker dresses of the boys relieved and set off by the blue ribbons from which the medals were suspended. The orchestra occupied the centre of the stage between the conductor, CARL ZERRAHN and the organ. The balconies too were filled by the children and their friends, and every nook and corner of the hall and corridors was packed by those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission. As soon as the vast audience was quietly seated, which occupied some time, in consequence of the difficulties experienced in effecting an entrance into the Hall, the exercises began.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Voluntary on the Organ, by J. C. D. Parker.
2. Prayer.
3. The Lord's Prayer: A Gregorian Chant, sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the Public Schools.
4. Addresses.
5. Choral. Winchelsea. To be sung by the children, with organ accompaniment.
6. Addresses.
7. Selected Piece. To be sung by the Girls' High and Normal School.
8. Choral. "Sleepers, Wake! A Voice is calling."—Mendelssohn. To be sung by the children, with organ and orchestral accompaniment.

9. Gloria, from the Twelfth Mass.—Mozart. With full orchestral accompaniment.

10. Address and Presentation of Bouquets to the Medal Scholars by the Mayor. During the presentation, music will be performed by the Germania Band.

11. The Old Hundredth Psalm.

12. Benediction.

The speakers were introduced to the assembly by the Rev. J. C. Southbridge, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements in a short speech from which we present the following appropriate extracts:

But another art comes upon the stage to-day to contest the palm with eloquence—Music; the music of the human voice in the grand old chorals to which you will soon listen, the music of the organ, whose praises the poet Dryden has so eloquently sung, the music of this, perhaps as perfect orchestral accompaniment, as has ever appeared in public in this city, music is to make her appeal to you this afternoon. She comes with gentle winning grace to you at this hour, and while she would not depreciate her sister art, she modestly asks if she has not a place in your hearts. She tells you that

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

I know not but that she has too prejudiced an audience to which she makes her appeal. Who are these whose voices will shortly fill this vast space with melody. Though there will be a blending of these harmonious notes so perfect that it will seem as if, from this amphitheatre, there came but one gush of rich concordant sounds, yet the nice, the keenly delicate ear of father or mother will detect the well known voice of son or daughter. As the thought, like a magnetic power goes all around this great throng, "those are the familiar tones of my child, heard at early morn, at noonday and at the twilight hour, heard in the merry song, heard amid the praises of the sanctuary of the Lord, heard when my own spirit is joyful, heard when it is sad," say, my friends, will not music gain the victory over eloquence, and though oratory may make the birthday of our nation a glad municipal occasion, music, with her face all wreathed with beauteous smiles, will claim this festival as the glad municipal occasion, best honored, most beloved by the city where she has found so welcome a home. And then how delightful all the associations connected with this Festival. Before you, in bronze, stands the statue of him who, by my honored friend and associate, Dr. Upham, was at our last Festival so well styled "the Great Master of harmony, presiding genius and High Priest of this Temple, standing never more appropriately than now, crowned and garlanded in the midst of this garden of fresh young life—the illustrious Ludwig Von Beethoven. We recall his boyish days, when impetuous and self-willed he would not submit to the demands of a tyrannical father. We think of him as we do of his great countryman Luther, escaping from the great discomforts of his home, and finding the wants of his nature met in the congenial family of the Von Brennings. We trace the early development of his musical genius to the time of his appointment at the age of 15 as organist in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. We go with him to Vienna. We watch him as with the eccentricities of genius, he lives on year after year, gaining fame but not money, adoring his art, with the warm devotion of an enthusiast. We think of his want of sympathy with his more thrifty and worldly wise brothers. We think of his laconic sayings, and we stop to wonder whether it be true what he says "most people are moved to tears on hearing music, but these have not musicians' souls; true musicians are too *fery* to weep." We feel for him as we feel for Milton when he could see no more the sweet light of heaven, that in the loss of the sense of hearing, he had met with one of the severest trials that could befall a lover of music. But as in the case of the great poet, our sympathy becomes chastened, when we learn from his own pen that, though the visual organ had lost its power, there passed before the eye of his mind scenes of indescribable glory and beauty, so we rejoice that to the ear of the soul of Beethoven there were ever coming strains of marvellous melody; making the desolate chambers of his heart to resound with music such as might have been sung by angelic choirs. We can understand what must have been frightful to musical ears, though he was unaffected by it, how discordant were the notes which would come crashing from the piano, as all unconsciously to himself as rudely laid his left hand flat upon the keys, while with his right hand he was drawing forth the most exquisite music from the instrument,—and es-

pecially how shocking it must be to hear him improvising on stringed instruments, which, owing to his deafness he could not tune. Though the knit brow and the shrugging shoulder must have told him how painful was the performance to his hearers, yet to his mind all was pure and harmonious. We follow the artist through his years of suffering and comparative poverty, down to that 26th of March, 1827, when, as it was most fitting for a man who had encountered so many of the tempests of life, he passed away during a severe hail storm, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

It may be well, moreover, to remind this audience that the music about to be sung by these twelve hundred chorister pupils, was the production of some of the greatest masters of the art of music. Luther, with his rough, honest Saxon face, will stand out before us, as this vast assembly joins in singing Old Hundred. When, too, the sharp, ringing forte, fortissimo notes of that fine old choral, "Sleepers, Wake! a Voice is calling," fall on our ear, we will remember Bartholdy Felix Mendelssohn, the wonderful composer and pianist, and when we listen to the sublime tones of the "Gloria," we will think of him, who ranks among the monarchs in the realms of music, Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart.

The Right Reverend Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of R. I., then made a brief speech, and was followed by President Felton of Harvard University, from whose remarks we also quote.

I suppose I owe the invitation to be present on this beautiful and interesting occasion to my connection with the neighboring University. I thank you for recognizing that relation, and in giving me an opportunity to witness so delightful a spectacle. This hall is consecrated to music. There stands the statue of one of the greatest men who ever cultivated that noble art, the work of an illustrious American sculptor now no more. It is fitting that a festival of the schools should be held in such a place—in this beautiful hall consecrated to Harmony.

There is another reason which makes this a most appropriate place. Among the ancient Greeks—pardon me for recalling my old friends—music was not only a branch of general education, as it is with you, and in the judgment of the wisest men a most important branch on account of its mighty influence on the passions and the moral emotions, but it had a larger significance still, especially as used by Plato. It included in its meaning all that pertained to the culture of the muses; all that related to refinement, elegant letters, the fine arts. In Plato's conception, the musical man was the man whose moral and intellectual nature was developed in a well proportioned manner and in harmony with the world around him.

But after all, the warfare against Ignorance and Vice is as noble as any in which men can engage. In this contest, the city of Boston has always borne a foremost part. She has lavished her treasures won from the fields of commerce, in raising barriers against the invasion of those formidable enemies. The numerous schools which she has established, of every grade, from the Alphabet up to the Normal, the English High School and the Latin School, are her best securities. Her army of teachers are her best defenders.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate?
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;
No: men, high-minded men

The object of our schools is to raise up a breed of men, high-minded men, such as old Alceus, more than six centuries before Christ, described. Look to it, my young friends, that you do not disappoint the expectations we have a right to form after such labors and sacrifices as the city has borne in your behalf. Remember another saying of still more ancient wisdom, that the gods have placed labor before excellence, and that if you would attain the latter, in any position of life, you must comply with the inexorable condition laid down by the heavenly powers. If you would win, and keep what you have won, you must work for it. By work you make the best part of life, the life of the intellect, more intense, while you double your capacities without exhausting your energies.

Men talk of the shortness of life; and it is a most solemn and impressive thought that, in a few years more, we shall all be borne to the silent land. I know nothing so striking as the contrast between Pere la Chaise and the city of Paris, scarcely separated by the width of a street—the city of the dead by the city of the living; or Mount Auburn, with its beautiful woods, its hills, and vales, and lakes, and the silent multitudes that sleep in its sepulchres, contrasted with the busy, throbbing life of this city.

We are constantly passing from the city of the living to the city of the dead; but, while we abide here, it becomes us to waste no time in sloth or enervating indulgence.

Encircled by her heaven-bright band,
On a rough steep does Virtue stand,
And he who hopes to win the goal,
To monarch's height who would aspire—
Must spurn each sensual, low desire.
Must never falter, never tire,
But on, with sweat-drops of the soul.

We prolong our life by filling our minds with new thoughts and precious truths. We prolong our life and enlarge our best enjoyments, by studying those literary works in which the most illustrious men of past ages will speak to us. We add to our acquaintance Homer and Æschylus, Plato and Aristotle, Cicero and Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, Shakespeare and Milton. We may know them as intimately as if we had met them living in form in Ionia or Athens—in Rome, Florence or London. We lengthen out our days as it were, so as to include the ages in which they lived. My young friends, I hope you will all strive to be musical, not only in the sense of Beethoven, who looks down with such sweet gravity on this assembly—and well he may—but in the broader sense of Plato, by faithfully cultivating all your moral and intellectual power.

The speeches were judiciously brief and were attentively listened to.

The music was admirably given by the children. The Gregorian Chant was sung with the utmost perfection of time and perfect distinctness of enunciation. The second piece suffered at first from some misunderstanding, but after a false start, was given with a fine effect. Perhaps the most successful piece was the Choral *Sleepers, Wake!* in which the vigorous boy voices told with wonderful effect and finely contrasted with the girls' more delicate tones. The closing note was finely sustained and made a very striking close. The chorus for female voices was very successful, and the *Gloria* so well sung that the audience would not be denied the repetition of it. Then came the distribution of the bouquets to the happy recipients, whose smiling faces as they crossed the stage, one by one, in front of the Mayor, who addressed them briefly and felicitously and took each by the hand, made not the least pleasing part of the Festival.

All then united in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, after which the audience dispersed.

A serious drawback to the pleasure of this Festival was the bungling and shiftless arrangement, or rather want of any proper arrangements for the admission of the audience, and which the offered apology by no means explained. The audience was largely made up of ladies and children; the differently colored tickets entitled the holders to go to different parts of the Hall, and yet no indication was given at what door a certain ticket should be presented, and the crowd was ordered first in one direction and then in another, without any clear direction or assistance from any one in authority. Parties were thus separated from each other and from their escort, and much time that should have been given to enjoyment in the Hall, was, after a hot and alarming struggle, devoted to looking for lost friends and lost property. A few policemen or better, *marshals*, could have easily remedied or prevented this confusion. A longer time should be allowed for filling so large a Hall, and the plainest directions should be given as to the manner of entering it, with every courtesy and aid after entrance is effected. We hope to see these things better managed at a repetition of this Festival.

Aside from this, the occasion was entirely successful and delightful, and will be long remembered by those who took part in it, either as actors or spectators.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—*L'Année Musicale*, or *Revue Annuelle des Theatres lyriques et des Concerts*, &c., par P. Scudo: Paris, 1860. From F. Leypoldt, 1322 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, the publisher's agent.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California, by Theodore H. Hittell, illustrated. Boston, 1850. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 378 pp.: 12mo.

Musical Chit-Chat.

FREDERICK CITY, MD., July 23.—Mention was made in your paper several times of the performances of the blind negro boy "Tom," but I scarcely could give credence to them, until I was fully convinced by actual experience. "Tom" gave two concerts here last week, and an invitation being extended by his master to come upon the stage and play a duet with "Tom," in which he first would play the accompaniment and afterwards the melody, I accepted the invitation, and in both concerts was astonished to see with what correctness "Tom" would anticipate. He played both times the accompaniment perfectly when I repeated a part, and reproduced the melody to a wonderful degree of perfection.

He plays extracts from operas, which each would fill about eleven or twelve printed pages, and these with great expression. In the right hand he lacks power, but his scales are marvelously liquid and smooth, besides he has great execution in octaves, and an almost unerring certainty in skips, which extend beyond an octave.

His own compositions are all tending to—what we southerners call—plantation melodies, but even in these, as in his improvisations, there is a rich originality.

"Tom" does not know the name of a note, nor of a key on the piano, and his performance would do credit to a boy with good eyes with the advantage of a teacher from almost infancy, but how much more is due to a blind boy, reared in ignorance on a cotton plantation.

Though I would not have you believe that he is a Mozart, no! not even an approach to him, yet could you hear him, you would be astonished, as I have been; although I doubt if you will have an opportunity in Boston, for "Tom" is a slave. I.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—A French paper states that a party of friends were recently assembled in the drawing room of Rossini, and were talking of the approaching production of "Semiramide" at the French Opera. Danton, junior, the witty caricaturist, began to rally the maestro. "Brave old Homer only nods now and then," said he, "but you, the Homer of music, sleep continually. You have no right to do so; for you are robbing the world of all the music you still have in your head and heart." "It is a good joke for you to complain, my dear Danton," replied Rossini, "everybody has a right to reproach me with my beloved idleness, you alone excepted. 'Why so?' 'Because you are as indolent as myself. I no longer write operas, it is true; but you make no caricatures either.' 'I could if I pleased.' 'I defy you.' 'If you defy me, I will make yours.' 'Do; and if you succeed, I will write an opera in return.' 'I take you at your word,' said Danton, "so get ready to write your score. To-morrow you shall have your caricature." The next day the work was really finished, and Rossini showed it laughingly to his friends. The maestro is represented in the middle of a dish of macaroni which overflows on all sides. He is sleeping with folded arms, and pressing to his breast a lyre without strings. His slumbers are evidently occupied by harmonious dreams, and it is plain that he is singing sweet melodies to himself. A smile, at once benevolent and satirical, is playing about his lips. It is a caricature in which the characteristic features are so cleverly portrayed, that it is more like him than the best of portraits could be. It remains to be seen whether Danton will get Rossini's opera.

Musical Intelligence.

The New York Musical World, formerly edited by R. S. Willis, Esq., and the New York Musical Review, have been united and will hereafter be published by Mason Brothers as the New York Musical Review and Musical World. We wish our contemporaries all success in the new enterprise.

MONTREAL.—The prospectus put forth by the management to produce a series of Italian Operas, was carried out last night by the appearance at the Theatre Royal, of a Company very far exceeding in lyrical talent any combination we have ever had in Montreal. The house, we were pleased to see, was crowded in all parts. The Dress Circle was filled with all the refined and fashionables of our city. The whole Opera (Ernani) was given with great spirit and excellent taste; were we to select that which pleased us most, it would be the chorus of Elvira and Ernani in the second Act. The score offers fine opportunities for a display of a clear, full-toned soprano, like Signora Ghioni's. At other times, where vigor and intensity were exhibited, she moved her hearers like a great orator. Signor Striglia, the tenor, has a fine fresh and sympathetic voice, and makes his mark with an appreciative audience. Hearty applause greeted the baritone, Signor Ardaoui, whose full rich voice brought down the applause of the house repeatedly. Signor Mirandola, the bass, did full justice to his role, his deep sonorous voice aiding wonderfully in carrying out the strength of the concerted music. His solo, in the beginning of the second act, was finely given. The choruses were the best we have ever heard, and admirable taste and precision was displayed by Signor Francia, the conductor of the troupe, aided by our own admirable *chef d'orchestre*, M. Vaillant, and a fine orchestra.—*Herald*, July 17.

The Florence correspondent of the New York Times writes as follows respecting a musical entertainment given in that city for the benefit of Sicily:

The most respectable native talent was gratuitously contributed to render the enterprise successful as an affair of art, and the large attendance and increased prices must have added a handsome sum to the fund. Our country, also, as usual, was prompt to respond to the call for coöperation. Miss Abby Fay, of Boston, one of the gifted young American ladies pursuing musical studies here, sang with applause a cavatina from Rossini's opera of "Semiramide." The evidence of talent already given by this singer inspires confidence that still larger success is in reserve for her in her most difficult art.

A decision of some importance, musically speaking, has just been made in Russia, the Emperor having ordered that the diapason of the French commission shall be adopted in the orchestras of the Imperial theatres from the first of September next. A sum of 45,000 francs was awarded as an indemnity to the artists for changing the instruments according to this decision.

It is announced by the Havana papers that the Tacon theatre will be under new management next season. Among the engagements are those of Mr. Gottschalk as *chef d'orchestre*, and Ferri the baritone.

The Cortesi company have engaged three of the Cuban thoates; while the Havana Tacon is said to be secured by an association of artists, whose names are not given.

STELLA, of the Worcester Palladium, says in her last letter:

Three resident musicians have formed in this city a "Beethoven Trio Club," and are studying the trios of Beethoven and other composers, with profit to themselves, and we hope, sometime it may prove, to the public as well. We recall with pleasure an attendance upon one of their rehearsals one of these bright summer mornings—just the time to listen, to a work so full of fresh, enlivening beauty as Mozart's Trio in G, which we heard with several of Beethoven's—including a very beautiful one in E flat. In the range of trio-music the greatest composers gave

utterance to some of their finest thoughts, and in their reading we trust our friends of the Club will find such treasures that they may be induced to lay them before the many friends of classical music in Worcester.

The fine young American cantatrice, Miss Hinckley, of Albany, New York, is said to have already made for herself quite a European reputation. She has sung with very great success in Amsterdam and many other cities. She is now at Bruxelles with the Merelli company, delighting the natives with her fresh American voice. Thence she goes to Durdon, Cologne, and Frankfort. She has had an offer to sing at Berlin for the autumn and carnival. In fact she is engaged for over a year. A writer from over sea says: "I am delighted at her success for more than one reason; now she has to support partly, if not entirely, herself, mother and little brother. Her father died lately, leaving, I believe, very little property. It is truly a noble task for one so young as herself. Is it not?"

PHILADELPHIA.—It is settled at last—definitely—the Pavilion is erected. We are to have music at Fairmount Park, notwithstanding the objections repeatedly and persistently urged by Mr. Neal, of our city councils. There are others of our city grandfathers, however, for whom the Heavenly Maid has not entirely lost her charms; her claims were allowed, the objections over-ruled, and—

Hark! through the shady avenues, and from over the shining Schuylkill bursts the glad *Marche Triumphale*.—Surely the music never sounded sweeter; and as the echoes of the melodies sing their way up through the silver maples and the great oak leaves, there seems to be a general rejoicing. The grave old statues that have gazed adown the green vistas these many years, look now more cheerful; the little marble boy (don't print it Faun, you thoughtless, novel-reading printer,) sitting under the sparkling spray of the fountain, peeps laughingly upwards as the drops dance around the green fringe beside him; and the giant pumps and piston-rods of the "wheel house," as they force the water to heights above, seem to have lost the old thundering roar, and the sound floats off with the mist and the music up the green hillside and away.

We can sit here under the shadows of the blossoming locust trees in time to come, and with our book beside us, read a passage now and then, and, listening to the music in the interval, while away the hours of summer in manner most delightful. O, the many pleasant hours at Fairmount Park, for those who know nothing of seaside or country sports. O, wayside joys and pedestrian rambles for the long hot months to come! Even the plodding laborer, enjoying the melodies, can rest beside the fountains, and feel

"On his heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coldness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism."

Yes, this is our Villa Doria, our Villa Reale, our Bois de Boulogne, our Fontainebleau—our Corso in the future, where we shall hold the Carnival, and throw bouquets and *confetti* to the gayest of the throng flashing here and there in the scarlet domino.

"Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
Er bleibt ein Narr seines Lebens lang."

Naughty Luther! Yet so sings the Manmaison.

Basle—is it? "Jephtha" in the minster? No. We are doing the German and not the Swiss festivals. And now that at Zwickau they will soon awaken a pleasant memory—a commemoration of Schumann; and from the garden of the Tuilleries the summer melodies arise; here, along the banks of the Wisahickon, this leafy month of June, you can listen to some grand old German music. All of the German "societies" are enjoying themselves "through the woods"—in their own peculiar way—as Germans only can.

Our city amusements are—what? Opera? No. Cortesi did not come, warble she could not—would not.

The Foyer is silent. No more

"Sly flirtations
'Neath the light of the chandelier."

The sweet charmers are away or on the wing. No more Germania rehearsals. Carl Sentz has experienced the feeling of *heimweh*, and is bound for the fatherland. Several members of what is known as "our Germania" are discoursing sweet music at Ephrata Springs, up among the mountains of Pennsylvania, whose grand outline looks even bluer and more beautiful in the distance.—*Corr. of N. Y. Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Where's the harm of roaming. *R. Lacy*. 25
Why should memory's iron finger. *H. Eikmeier*. 25
Two pretty parlor songs of moderate difficulty.
Quick arise, maiden mine. *J. Vessauer*. 25
Popular concert song in England, where the best vocalists have frequently sung it.
Winning the Gloves. *C. W. Glover*. 25
Jemima took me down a peg. *H. Walker*. 25
Humorous songs, both eminently pleasing.
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A somewhat elaborate song for a soprano voice, written in good solid style; and may be profitably used as a lesson piece.
Circled round with Jasmin spray. (Ständchen.)

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A beautiful German song, in the style of a serenade, by the composer of the "Wanderer."

Instrumental Music.

Operatic Favorites. *Franz Nava*, each 30

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| 1. La Traviata. | 2. Linda. |
| 3. Il Trovatore. | 4. Ernani. |
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A little more simple, and, upon the whole, perhaps a little more pleasing than Ferd. Beyer's well-known easy Operatic arrangements. They are nothing but Potpourris, containing a string of the gems, without tedious variations or clumsy interludes.

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|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Cheer, boys, cheer. | Red, white, and blue. |
| Katy Darling. | Non piu mesta. |
| Blue Bells of Scotland. | In tears I pine. |
| Lilly Dale. | Brindisi in "Traviata." |
| Am I not fondly. | Rule Britannia. |
| Bonnie Dundee. | Trab, trab. |
| Over the summer sea. | Partant pour la Syrie. |
| Katrinka Polka. | National Schottisch. |
| Alice Polka. | I love thee, from "I Capuletti." |
| It is better to laugh. | Pop goes the weasel. |
| Annie Laurie. | Silver Lake Varsoviene. |

This is a class of music which is invaluable to the teacher, as it is not only very easy but at the same time well written, which, as musicians well know, is a weighty consideration. Since Czerny's little pieces which have been used too long and too often to be very palatable now, nothing so practicable has been written, except perhaps a series of easy arrangements in Rondo form by Rimbaud.

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BERTINI'S SELF-TEACHING CATECHISM OF Music, for the Pianoforte, together with Ample Explanations of the Science as applicable to every Musical Instrument. 25

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